

*Troilus and Cressida.*

*Pan.* You spie, what doe you spie: come, giue me an Instrument now sweete Queene.

*Hel.* Why this is kindly done?

*Pan.* My Neece is horrible in loue with a thing you haue sweete Queene.

*Hel.* She shall haue it my Lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

*Pan.* Hee? no, theese none of him; they two are twaine.

*Hel.* Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

*Pan.* Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile sing you a song now.

*Hel.* I, I, prethee now: by my troth sweet Lord thou hast a fine fore-head.

*Pan.* I you may, you may.

*Hel.* Let thy song be loue: this loue will vndoe vs al.

*Oh Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.*

*Pan.* Loue? I that it shall yfaith.

*Pan.* I good now loue, loue, no thing but loue.

*Pan.* In good troth it begins so.

*Loue, loue, nothing but loue, still more:*

*For O loues Bow,*

*Shootes Bucke and Doe:*

*The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,*

*But tickles still the sore:*

*These Louers cry, oh bo they dye;*

*Yet that which seemes the wound, to kill,*

*Dath turne oh bo, to ha ha he:*

*So dying loue lines still,*

*O ho a while, but ha ha ha,*

*O ho grones out for ha ha ha---hey ho.*

*Hel.* In loue yfaith to the very tip of the nose.

*Pan.* He eates nothing but doues loue, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is loue.

*Pan.* Is this the generation of loue? Hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deedes, why they are Vipers, is Loue a generation of Vipers?

*Sweete Lord whose asfeld to day?*

*Pan.* Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gailantry of Troy. I would faine haue arm'd to day, but my Nell would not haue it so.

*How chance my brother Troilus went not?*

*Hel.* He hangs the lippe at something; you know all Lord Pandarus?

*Pan.* Not I hony sweete Queene: I long to heare how they sped to day:

*Youle remember your brothers excuse?*

*Pan.* To a hayre.

*Pan.* Farewell sweete Queene.

*Hel.* Commend me to your Neece.

*Pan.* I will sweete Queene.

*Sound a retreat.*

*Pan.* They're come from field: let vs to Priams Hall To greete the Warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woe you,

To helpe vnrarme our Hector: his stubborne Buckles, With these your white enchancing fingers toucht,

Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele, Or force of Greekish finewes: you shall doe more

Then all the Hand Kings, disarm great Hector.

*Hel.* 'Twill make vs proud to be his seruant Paris: Yea what he shall receiue of vs in duetie,

Giues vs more palme in beautie then we haue: Yea ouershines our selfe.

*Sweete about thought I loue thee.*

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Pandarus and Troilus Man.*

*Pan.* How now, where's thy Maister, at my Couzen Cressida?

*Man.* No fir, he staves for you to conduct him thither.

*Enter Troilus.*

*Pan.* O here he comes: How now, how now?

*Troy.* Sirra walke off.

*Pan.* Haue you seene my Cousin?

*Troy.* No Pandarus: I stalk about her doore

Like a strange soule vpon the Stigian banks

Staying for wastage, O be thou my Charon,

And giue me swift transporance to those fields,

Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds

Propos'd for the deseruer. O gentle Pandarus,

From Cupids shoulder plucke his painted wings,

And flye with me to Cressid.

*Pan.* Walke here in Orchard, Ile bring her straight.

*Exit Pandarus.*

*Troy.* I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,

Th'imaginary relish is so sweete,

That it inchantis my sence: what will it be

When that the watry pallat taste indeede

Loues thrice reputed Nectar? Death I feare me

Sounding distrustion, or some ioy too fine,

Too subtile, potent, and too sharpe in sweetnesse,

For the capacite of my ruder powers;

I feare it much, and I doe feare besides,

That I shall loose distinction in my ioyes,

As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes

The enemy flying.

*Enter Pandarus.*

*Pan.* Shee's making her ready, shee'll come straight; you

must be witty now, shee does so blush, & fetches her winde

so short, as if she were fraid with a spire: Ile fetch her; it

is the prettiest villaine, she fetches her breath so short as a

new tane Sparrow.

*Exit Pand.*

*Troy.* Euen such a passion doth embrace my bosome:

My heart beates thicker then a feavorous pulse,

And all my powers doe their bestowing loose,

Like vassalage at vnawares encountering

The eye of maiestie.

*Enter Pandarus and Cressida.*

*Pan.* Come, come, what neede you blush?

Shames a babie; here she is now, sweare the oathes now

to her, that you haue sworne to me. What are you gone a-

gaine, you must be watch ere you be made tame, must

you? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw

backward weele put you i'th hills: why doe you not speak

to her? Come draw this curtaine, & let's see your picture.

Alasse the day, how loath you are to offend day light, and

'twere darke you'd close looner: So, so, rub on, and kisse

the mistresse; how now, a kisse in fee-farme? build there

Carpenter, the ayre is sweete. Nay, you shall fight your

hearts out ere I part you. The Paulcon, as the Tercell, for

all the Ducks in Riuer: go too, go too.

*Troy.* You haue bereft me of all words Lady.

*Pan.* Words pay no debts; giue her deedes: but shee

bereau you 'oth' deedes too, if shee call your actiuitie in

question: what billing againe? here's in witness where-

of the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go

get a fire?

*Cres.* Will you walke in my Lord?

*Troy.* O Cressida, how often haue I wisht me thus?

*Cres.* Wisht my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord,

*Troy.* What should they grant? what makes this pre-

ty abruption: what too curious dreg espies my sweete La-

dy in the fountaine of our loue?

*Cres.* More

*Troilus and Cressida.*

*Cres.* More dregs then water, if my teares haue eyes.

*Troy.* Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer see

truely.

*Cres.* Blinde feare, that seeing reason leads, findes safe

footing, then blinde reason, stumbling without feare: to

feare the worst, oft cures the worse.

*Troy.* Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare,

In all Cupids Pageant there is presented no monster.

*Cres.* Not nothing monstrous neither?

*Troy.* Nothing but our vndertakings, when we vowe

to weepe seas, lue in fire, eate rocks, tame Tygers; think-

ing it harder for our Mistresse to deuise imposition

inough, then for vs to vndergoe any difficultie imposed.

This is the monstrousitie in loue Lady, that the will is in-

finite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is bound-

lesse, and the act a slave to limit.

*Cres.* They say all Louers sweare more performance

then they are able, and yet referue an ability that they

neuer performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten;

and discharging lesse then the tenth part of one. They

that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares: are

they not Monsters?

*Troy.* Are there such? such are not we: Praise vs as we

are tasted, allow vs as we proue: our head shall goe bare

till merit crowne it: no perfection in reuerfion shall haue

a praise in present: wee will not name desert before his

birth, and being borne his addition shall be humble: few

words to faire faith. Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as

what enuie can say worst, shall be a mocke for his truth;

and what truth can speake truest, not truer then Troy-

lus.

*Cres.* Will you walke in my Lord?

*Enter Pandarus.*

*Pan.* What blushing still? haue you not done talking

yet?

*Cres.* Well Vnckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate

to you.

*Pan.* I thanke you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of

you, youle giue him me: be true to my Lord, if he finch,

chide me for it.

My soule of counsell from me. Stop my mouth.

*Troy.* And shall, albeit sweete Musicke issues thence.

*Pan.* Pretty yfaith.

*Cres.* My Lord, I doe beseech you pardon me,

'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kisse:

I am asham'd; O Heauens, what haue I done!

For this time will I take my leaue my Lord.

*Troy.* Your leaue sweete Cressid?

*Pan.* Leau: and you take leaue till to morrow mor-

ning.

*Cres.* Pray you content you.

*Troy.* What offends you Lady?

*Cres.* Sir, mine owne company.

*Troy.* You cannot thin your selfe.

*Cres.* Let me goe and try:

I haue a kinde of selfe recides with you:

But an vnkinde selfe, that it selfe will leaue,

To be anothers foole. Where is my wit?

I would be gone: I speake I know not what.

*Troy.* Well know they what they speake, that speakes

so wisely.

*Cres.* Perchance my Lord, I shew more craft then loue,

And fell so roundly to a large confession,

To Angle for your thoughts: but you are wise,

Or else you loue not: for to be wise and loue,

Exceedes mans might, that dwells with gods about,

*Troy.* O that I thought it could be in a woman:

As if it can, I will presume in you,

To feede for aye her lampe and flames of loue.

To keepe her constancie in plight and youth,

Out-living beauries outward, with a minde

That doth renew swifter then blood decates:

Or that perswasion could but thus conuince me,

That my integritie and truth to you,

Might be affronted with the match and waight

Of such a winnowed puritie in loue:

How were I then vp-listed! but alas,

I am as true, as truths simplicitie,

And simpler then the infancie of truth.

*Cres.* In that Ile warre with you.

*Troy.* O vertuous fight,

When right with right wars who shall be most right:

True swaines in loue, shall in the world to come

Approoue their truths by Troilus, when their times,

Full of protest, of oath and big compare;

Wants similes, truth tir'd with iteration,

As true as Steele, as plantage to the Moone:

As Sunne to day: as Turtle to her mate:

As Iron to Adamant: as Earth to th'Center:

Yet after all comparisons of truth,

(As truths authentick author to be cited)

As true as Troilus, shall crowne vp the Verse,

And sanctifie the numbers.

*Cres.* Prophet may you be:

If I be false, or swerue a haire from truth,

When time is old and hath forgot it selfe:

When water drops haue worne the Stones of Troy;

And blinde obliuion swallow'd Cities vp;

And mightie States characterlesse are grated

To dustie nothing; yet let memory,

From false to false, among false Maids in loue,

Vpbraid my falsehood, when they'are said as false,

As Aire, as Water, as Winde, as sandie earth;

As Foxe to Lambe; as Wolfe to Heifers Calfe;

Pard to the Hinde, or Stepdame to her Sonne;

Yea, let them say, to sticke the heart of falsehood,

As